

VISIT...

LANZAROTE
Caliente.COM

EXPLODING FROM THE MIGHTY WORLD OF MARVEL...

MARVEL
№8

Captain BRITAIN

**August
1985**

U.S. \$3.95
CAN. \$2.95 **50¢**



THE CHRYSALIS CRACKS-

**Meggan Reaches
CHILDHOODS END**

AMAZING FANTASY

MO-61

SHOPS

FUTURESHOCK

IN SCOTLAND

200 Woodlands Rd, Glasgow G3 6LN. Tel: 041 333 0784

Gets the full range of new US and British SF paperbacks, comics and media mag. Together with thousands of back issues and second-hand titles & board games, standing orders, portfolios, hardbacks, T-shirts etc. Send a second class stamp for catalogue.

HALL OF SPECIALS

Science Fiction, Fantasy, Horror

Books, Magazines, Comics, Toys, Games, Dungeons and Dragons, Models, Masterpicks many, many more items of memorabilia. SAE for complete lists and mail order info to:

Hall Specials F&L Ltd
186 Springbank, Hill End IG10 6JG (0442) 29261

FORBIDDEN PLANET 1

Science Fiction and Comics

23 Denmark St

LONDON WC2H 8NN

01-836 4179

FORBIDDEN PLANET 2

Film and TV fantasy

58, St Giles High St

LONDON WC2H 8LH

01-379 6042

Shops: Mon-Sat 10-6; Thurs 10-7

COMIC MART

Largest regular marketplace in Europe

for Comics and Film Material

at: Central Hall, Westminster,

LONDON

Starts: 12-00. Admission free.

Dates: Aug 3, Oct 12

HEROES

The Comic Shop

Britain's longest-established comic

dealer still offers the widest selection of

comics for collectors in the country.

Good stocks of Marvel and DC are

complemented by a wider range of

American and British comics from the

1940s onwards: Eagle, TV21, 2000AD,

Dandy, Beano, plus annuals, Golden

Age, EC titles, horror, western and

much more. Open 11-6 Mon-Sat. Three

minutes from Highbury & Islington tube

off Upper Street.

HEROES, 21 Canonbury Lane,

Islington, London N1 2SP

NOVELTIES & COMICS

14-15 Smallbrook Queensway,

BIRMINGHAM B5 4EN,

Tel: (021) 643 0413

American and British comics, Rock, SF,

Horror and General Film magazines.

Current and back issues. Comicstrip, SF,

Horror and Television oriented toys,

figures, kits, games, vehicles, masks etc.

Mail order list available for a.s.e. Our

large comic shop is open for you to call.

Mon-Fri 10.00-5.45. Saturday 9.30-6.00.

We can accept your ACCESS card when you

call, write or phone.

* comic treasure trove - Birmingham Post

SHOPS

Sheffield Space Centre

485 London Road, Heeley,

Sheffield S2 4HL

Telephone: Sheffield 581040

We stock a large selection of S.F.

Fantasy Paperbacks, American

Comics, Portfolios, Magazines etc.

Open - Monday, Tuesday, Thursday

Friday 10am - 5pm, Saturday 9am.

Closed Wednesday, SAE for list

ODYSSEY 7

Manchester University Precinct

Oxford Road, Manchester

Open Mon - Sat 9.30 - 5.30.

Tel 061 273 6666. The North's leading

S.F., Comic, T.V., and Film

Shop. Stocking Books, Comics,

Magazines, Stills, Soundtracks,

Posters, T-shirts and Games. Clean,

modern premises, sales area over

1,000 sq. ft. Access to precinct via

escalator under Phoenix at Booth St.

traffic lights.

OGRE BOOKS

126 Picta Road, Warrington, Liverpool 60

Open Monday - Saturday 10.15-5.15

Specialists in American, SF, Horror

and fantasy film mag. Only 15 minutes

from the city centre by buses 4, 60, 76, 78,

79, 116, 117, 119, 112, 113 and 120 2/4.

Sorry, no mail orders.

COMIC SHOWCASE

17 Monmouth Street, London WC2

01-240 3664

Open six days a week 10am to 6pm.

We are THE SPECIALISTS in old

American comics and our vast stock

ranges from Golden Age through to

the 70s including Marvels, DC's,

E.C.'s, Timelys and many more.

Regular shipments from the USA

enable us to offer a wide selection of

the non-distributed Marvels. We now

offer a full range of advance IMPORT

comics from all the major companies.

We are always interested in buying

collections of old or rare comics in

nice condition.

DOCTOR WHO SHOP

Licensed by BBC Enterprises Ltd

All items of new merchandise. Some

collectors items and American im-

ports. Mail Order Service available.

Send 25p in stamps plus a large SAE

for a price list or \$1.00 or equivalent

for overseas orders. WHO merchandise

available bought at concessive rates.

A3 METROPOLITAN WHARF,

(ROADSIDE WAREHOUSE),

WAPPING WALL, WAPPING,

LONDON E1, 01-481 0626.

1 mile from Tower Bridge - 2 minutes

walk Wapping Station. Turn right at

tube, follow road by the riverside.

Open 10am-5pm Mon-Sat, possible

Summer.

MAIL ORDER

JOKES

FREE

Britain's No. 1 Joke

Catalogue, packed

with over 500 practical jokes from 5p

to 50p. Includes: gag gifts, gag

bags, gag bills, gag cards, gag

postcards, gag letters, gag

posters, gag signs, gag

stickers, gag tape, gag

stamps, gag soap, gag

stamps, gag soap, gag

stamps, gag soap, gag

stamps, gag soap, gag

stamps, gag soap, gag

stamps, gag soap, gag

stamps, gag soap, gag

stamps, gag soap, gag

stamps, gag soap, gag

stamps, gag soap, gag

stamps, gag soap, gag

stamps, gag soap, gag

stamps, gag soap, gag

stamps, gag soap, gag

stamps, gag soap, gag

stamps, gag soap, gag

stamps, gag soap, gag

stamps, gag soap, gag

stamps, gag soap, gag

stamps, gag soap, gag

stamps, gag soap, gag

stamps, gag soap, gag

stamps, gag soap, gag

stamps, gag soap, gag

stamps, gag soap, gag

stamps, gag soap, gag

stamps, gag soap, gag

stamps, gag soap, gag

stamps, gag soap, gag

stamps, gag soap, gag

stamps, gag soap, gag

stamps, gag soap, gag

stamps, gag soap, gag

stamps, gag soap, gag

stamps, gag soap, gag

stamps, gag soap, gag

stamps, gag soap, gag

stamps, gag soap, gag

stamps, gag soap, gag

stamps, gag soap, gag

stamps, gag soap, gag

stamps, gag soap, gag

stamps, gag soap, gag

stamps, gag soap, gag

stamps, gag soap, gag

stamps, gag soap, gag

stamps, gag soap, gag

stamps, gag soap, gag

stamps, gag soap, gag

stamps, gag soap, gag

stamps, gag soap, gag

stamps, gag soap, gag

stamps, gag soap, gag

stamps, gag soap, gag

stamps, gag soap, gag

stamps, gag soap, gag

stamps, gag soap, gag

stamps, gag soap, gag

stamps, gag soap, gag

stamps, gag soap, gag

stamps, gag soap, gag

stamps, gag soap, gag



Send 25p stamp with your name and

address for bumper colour catalogue

and free gift to

MATCHITE, THE FUNNY BUSINESS

(DEPT. Y1) 187 WINDSOR ROAD,

BURTON, LEICESTERShire

Specialist in new American and

British Comics, SF, Horror & General

Film magazines and other related

material. SAE for list.

COMIC BUREAU

19 Kentel Close, Farnham,

Wimborne, Dorset, BH20 9TW.

"OUTER LIMITS"

The Fantasy Mail Order Service offering you probably the most comprehensive range of Sci-Fi, Film and T.V. Fantasy related items including books, magazines, photos, stills, portfolios, games and models. Dr Who, Star Wars, Avengers etc. For lists send 50p to: **OUTER LIMITS, REMBRANT HOUSE, WHIPPENDALE ROAD, WATFORD, Herts.** Showroom Open, Mon-Sat 10am-6pm. Catalogues welcome.



OFFICIAL APPRECIATION SOCIETY - 1500 members

Send SAE for details to: **SIX OF ONE, P.O. BOX 66, IPSWICH, IP2 9TZ**

SKYRACK

Yorkshire's oldest in SF, Fantasy & Comics. Science Fiction Paperbacks & Magazines, Marvel & DC Comics from Golden Age to always in stock

It's all there on the cover, in black and white – the mutant Meggan reaches maturity in *Childhood's End*, the lead story in *Captain Britain* Monthly, Number Eight.

This is not a stable time for the good Captain. Following hard on the heels of a series of crises, the Resources Control Executive comes a-calling in the middle of the night – with a familiar face in their ranks! And with Meggan emerging from her past to become a beautiful adult and the RCX's reserve fighting forces of Warp children, the Cherubim, the kids certainly aren't all right!

Speaking of characters coming to maturity, we recently had a visit from Chris Claremont, Captain Britain's creator. Over here on a promotional visit, along with the rest of the creative team behind Marvel USA's X-Men, Chris had a long and fascinating conversation with today's Captain Britain creators, Jamie Delano and Alan Davis. To quote Chris: "I could barely recognise this Captain as the character I created, he's developed so much". Chris had nothing but praise for recent storylines, and we're naturally very pleased to receive such encouragement.

And your views on the Captain's progress – from both sides of the Atlantic – can be found on the Communications page. All comments are equally valuable and eagerly received, so keep those letters coming, people!

Editor: Ian Rimmer • Assistant Editor: Simon Furman • Design: John Tomlinson • Art Asst: Richard Starkings • Production: Alison Gill and Jez Meteyard • Advertising: Sally Benson (01-221 1232)



Captain BRITAIN contents



CAPTAIN BRITAIN – The trouble with kids today... *Childhood's End*..... P4

THE EYE WITNESS – Following issue two's entirely visual Night Raven tale, a text story told purely in dialogue..... P15

NIGHT RAVEN – Night-time in the city, Night Raven's time..... P19

ABSLOM DAAK – DALEK KILLER – The manic assassin witnesses a shocking killing..... P22

CAPTAIN BRITAIN COMMUNICATIONS – Readers' letters from here, there and everywhere (but mostly from here)..... P26

SPACE THIEVES – When you steal from the vilest race in the known universe, it pays to check your fuel gauges..... P28

Published monthly by MARVEL COMICS LTD., 23 Redan Place, Baywater, London W2 4SA, ENGLAND. Copyright © 1985 by Marvel Comics Group, a division of Cadence Industries Corporation. All rights reserved. No similarity between any names, characters, persons and/or institutions in this magazine with any living or dead person or institution is intended, and any such similarity which may exist is purely coincidental.

CHILDHOODS END

TO MINDS LESS PERCEPTIVE THAN THOSE OF THE RESOURCES CONTROL EXECUTIVE, THE APPROACH TO BRADDOCK MANOR IS A DAUNTING PROSPECT.



ONWARD CHRISTIAN SOLDIERS...?

SPECTACULAR STUFF, EH?

IT'S THE REAL THING / TOTALLY MALLEABLE HOLOGRAPHIC FIELD CONCEALING BRADDOCK MANOR.

SHALL I?

FEEL FREE.

Captain BRITAIN



GOOD MORNING. MAY WE SEE THE MASTER OF THE HOUSE, PLEASE?

GOOD MORNING. IF YOU WOULD PLEASE FOLLOW ME?

PARTY FROM THE GOVERNMENT, SIR. ER... RESOURCES CONTROL EXECUTIVE.

CAPTAIN, PLEASE FORGIVE THE LATENESS OF THE HOUR, BUT TIME IS SHORT.

I AM MICHAEL AND THIS IS AGENT GABRIEL...

HOW DO YOU DO, BUT I HAVE NO RANK, IT'S PLAIN, MR. I'M AFRAID...

IT'S ALWAYS LATER THAN YOU THINK.



YOU ARE TOO MODEST, SIR. YOU HAVE, I BELIEVE, ALREADY MET OUR SIMILARLY SHY COLLEAGUE, CAPTAIN UK.

HULLO, BRIAN.

LINDA!



IT'S GOOD TO SEE YOU AGAIN, LINDA, BUT I THOUGHT YOU WERE GOING TO RETIRE, LIVE A NORMAL LIFE. WHY ARE YOU WITH THIS BUNCH NOW?

IT SEEMS I HAVE NO CHOICE...

LINDA! IT'S YOU...



I'LO ELIZABETH... REMEMBER ME?

MATTHEW? WHAT ON EARTH ARE YOU DOING HERE?

NOT MATTHEW ANY MORE. IT'S GABRIEL NOW... STILL BIBLICAL, THOUGH.



LEFT ON THE OUTSIDE AGAIN, MEGGAN'S THOUGHTS WANDER INTO THE NIGHT.



SOMETHING FIERCE AND FEIGHTENED FINDS HER.

A WILD MEWLING OF INFANT RAGE THAT FILLS HER MIND, SENDING HER SPILLING BACK DOWN THE SHORT SLOPE OF YEARS TO THE PAIN OF CHILDHOOD.



IT CALLS WITH AN IRRRESISTIBLE SIREN SONG...



HER PARENTS WERE TRAVELLERS - AN OLD RACE.

SHE - SHE GREW IT WHEN IT STARTED GETTING COLD...



WHAT HAVE YOU BIRTHED, WOMAN? A CHANGELING, A WOLF-CHILD..?

... PLEASE DON'T TURN HER OUT, FATHER...



... PLEASE! WE DON'T HAVE TO TELL ANYONE - WE CAN HIDE HER - NOBODY NEED EVER KNOW...



WOLF CHILD?



IN THE DAYTIME, WHEN THE MEN WENT TRADING AND THE WOMEN AND CHILDREN TOOK THINGS TO SELL, SHE LIVED FOR THE GLITTER OF THE TELEVISION WORLD...

BUT HER WORST NIGHTMARES WERE REALIZED THAT TERRIBLE TIME WHEN THEY TOOK HER AWAY—AND LOCKED HER UP.

HER HORROR OF CONFINEMENT IS INSTINCTIVE.



... DREADING THE NIGHTS WHICH BROUGHT THE SILVER DREAMS THAT FLARED HER NOSTRILS AND PRICKED HER EARS.



IT NUMBS HER—ENGULFS HER.

CHILD MINDS
CLAMOUR FOR
SUCCOUR
IN SILENT
PANDEMONIUM.

THE BLIND NEED
OF THEIR EYES IS
IRRISISTIBLE...

...UNCONTAINABLE...

...UNQUENCHABLE...



SO, ACCORDING TO YOU, ALTHOUGH
CAPTAIN UK AND I DEFEATED THE
FURY AND CONTAINED THE JASPERS'
WARP, THE CONTINUUM WAS
SUFFICIENTLY DAMAGED TO ALLOW
THE PROBLEMS WHICH THE NATION
NOW FACES TO ARISE ...

THAT'S
RIGHT.

...EVENTUALLY RESULTING
IN AN ATTEMPTED
OVERTHROW OF THE
DEMOCRATIC SYSTEM?

IT'S
ALREADY
STARTED.



BUT
GENTLEMEN,
THIS IS
ENGLAND!



OH, BRIAN! DON'T BE SO
BLOODY SHORT-SIGHTED!
THINGS HAVE CHANGED.
YOU HAVEN'T KEPT IN
TOUCH...

SHE'S RIGHT,
BRIAN. I'VE BEEN
LIVING AMONGST
ORDINARY PEOPLE.
THE HATRED IS
GROWING...



EVEN SO—WHY SHOULD
I JOIN WITH YOU? WHY
SHOULD YOU HAVE MY
FACILITIES AND MY
NAME
BEHIND
YOUR
FACTION?

WHY
SHOULD I
TRUST YOU?



IF YOU DON'T
KNOW, IT'S NO
GOOD TELLING
YOU.

BECAUSE WE ARE THE
REVOLUTION. WE ARE THE
SALVATION OF THE LAND.
BECAUSE WE WILL GIVE YOU
A PLACE OF HONOUR AND A
PURPOSE IN THE FUTURE...



THE PEOPLE WILL UNITE
BEHIND YOU AS A SYMBOL
OF FREEDOM AND STRENGTH.
TOGETHER WE CAN BREED
A NEW ERA.

WHAT
DO YOU SAY,
CAP? WE'RE
ALL FREAKS
TOGETHER...
EH?

WE'RE THE
GOOD GUYS.
YOU HAVE NO
CHOICE!



I SAY
NO!

BRIAN,
WHY?

I WILL NOT BE
MANIPULATED, NOR WILL
I MANIPULATE OTHERS.
THE FREE WILL OF MAN
IS THE ONLY BASIC
TRUTH. WE ALWAYS
HAVE A CHOICE!





... INTO THE EYE OF
THE HURRICANE.

IT IS AS IF THE WIND
STRETCHES HER...PEELS
HER SKIN FROM HER.

...YOU ARE
BEAUTIFUL... LIKE
AN IRIDESCENT
BUTTERFLY...

WHAT?

YOUR
AURA... YOUR
POTENTIAL...

NEW FORCES RIPPLE
AND BEND HER...

YOU
DON'T NEED TO
APPEAR
AS YOU DO,
MEGGAN.

BUT I WAS
BORN LIKE THIS,
ALISON. I'LL
ALWAYS LOOK
LIKE THIS...

...LIGHT ENERGY DANCES
THROUGH HER...

NO! YOU
WERE LIKE SOFT
CLAY, MOULDED BY
THE FEAR AND
SUPERSTITION OF
YOUR PEOPLE...

THEY
MISUNDERSTOOD
YOUR POWER, YOUR
INSTINCT TO PROTECT
YOURSELF FROM
THE COLD...

SHE IS A RAINBOW
OF COLOURS...

I DON'T
UNDERSTAND.

PERHAPS
NOT NOW. BUT
WHEN YOU DO,
THE CATERPILLAR
WILL BECOME A
BUTTERFLY!

AT LAST SHE
UNDERSTANDS.



JAMIE DELANO ALAN DAVIS
CO-CREATORS

ANNIE HALFACREE IAN RIMMER
LETTERER EDITOR

Next:

Winds Of Change



The Eye Witness

by R. Hunter

Illustrations by John Stokes

He's dead! On God, he's dead! Cut to ribbons . . .
 "Dead? Who's dead, Sir?"
 "Struck him . . . over and over. Cut him to pieces, then ran off. Just — just came bursting in and started hacking . . ."
 "Easy now, Sir. What exactly has

happened?"

"A nightmare — a bloody nightmare, that's what's happened! Minding our own business we were when they kicked in the door. They were shouting and lunging and cutting and there's blood flying everywhere and — oh God, look! The blood, it's — it's all over me. It's all on my clothes and hands. Gordon's blood, it's every-

where . . ."

"Oh struth! Come on, then, Sir. Some details, and quick. What's your name?"

"W-Williams. Eric Williams."

"And where did this incident take place?"

"At . . . Gordon's home. Out in the country . . ."

"Address?"

"Fort - Forty-three, Cherry Orchard Lane. It's out by the new motorway entrance ...

"I know it. Give me a second and I'll get a car over there right away ..."

"Yes ... yes, Control. Much as I do appreciate your subtle humour and dulcet tones ... yes, Control, we are proceeding to Forty-three, Cherry Orchard Lane, Millesfram, E.T.A., as our colonial cousins might say, in approximately ...

"... thirty minutes ..."

"... thirty seconds, and counting. What was that, Control? Well, thank you, Control, but I would just like to point out that I do have a father. Over and out ... And if you try and catch me with that minutes and seconds game again I'll -"

"Here we are - Forty-three, Cherry Orchard Lane, Miles From Anywhere, Shropshire."

"Bout time an' all ..."

"Couldn't stand livin' out in the country like this, meself. Too quiet. Nothing going on ..."

"Sounds like plenty's been going on according to the report. Come on, let's take a look."

"Don't forget to lock up the car, Sam."

"Silly bugger! Who's going to steal a Police Panda?"

"Nice language for one of Her Majesty's Coppers that is. You and I know very well that there's a nasty criminal element abroad in today's society."

"Good job an' all, or we'd be on the dole, wouldn't we? 'Allo - door's open ... lock's been broken off ..."

"Don't reckon the report's accurate, do you? I mean, I could do without a pair of amateur butchers tonight."

"Don't you worry, old son - whoever's done this will be long gone."

"Hope so. Yeah - whole story sounds a bit daft anyway. Couple of crazies with knives ploughing in and - urch! What's that 'I've stood in'?"

"Well - it's very red, and it's sticky, Lennie. Look - more on the door. And over on that wall ..."

"Splashes of it all over the place. I've a nasty feeling I'm not going to like this one much ..."

"There you go, Mr. Williams - that should help you clean up a bit."

"Oh yes. Thank you, Sergeant."

"Right, well, if you'd like to follow me down to the interview room - just down here - there's a couple of our C.I.D. men who'll help you prepare a statement ... In here, please, Mr. Williams. Now then - this is Detective Constable Fullbright ..."

"... Evening ..."



"... And Detective Sergeant Jarvis."

"Good evening, Mr. Williams. Please, take a seat ..."

"I'll pop back with another towel in a minute or two, Mr. Williams. That one doesn't seem to be enough ..."

"That's very kind, Sergeant. Thank you ..."

"Yes - you're still in quite a mess, aren't you, Mr. Williams ... ? I understand how distressing this must be, but we'd really like to know exactly what happened as quickly as possible."

"Yes - I understand."

"So then, Mr. Williams. Let's begin ..."

"Have we got to go further, Sam? I had ratatouille for dinner today."

"Hey - buck your flamin' ideas up, Lennie! From what we've seen we'd better start taking this one seriously ..."

"Yeah. Sorry, Sam."

"What a soddin' mess - blood's everywhere ..."

"Body's going to be in a right state, isn't it?"

"Aye ... ready? It's probably in here ..."

"Oh Good God!"

"For pity's sake ... I"

"If - if the room's this bad, I don't want to see the body ..."

"... Like someone's showered the place with blood. All over the walls, the ceiling ..."

"I feel sick, Sam. Straight - no joke. I'm gonna throw ..."

"All right, Lennie. Open a window, get some air ... Better ...?"

"A ... a bit. Oh truth - I've never seen so much blood, Sam. Makes you think there must have been half a

dozen done in here ..."

"One snag, Lennie. There's something missing. One vital ingredient isn't in the room ..."

"Come again ..."

"Not got it yet? The body, Lennie - where's the body?"

Just take your time, Mr. Williams, and tell us what you remember. Any detail you think might be important or useful ..."

"From ... from the beginning ... Well, I suppose it - it began when I called around to see Gordon, Gordon MacLaren, this evening. Gordon is - was - a bit of a writer, and that's why I went around, you see, to help him on his latest crime story. He was excited about some new development he'd come up with and was desperate to tell someone, and I suppose I was the obvious person. It promised to be a fine book indeed, but now ..."

"Yes - go on, Mr. Williams."

"Oh - er, sorry. Well, I'd - I'd only been there a couple of minutes when there was a hammering on the door. Then, before either of us could move, the door to the front room was, well, kicked open, I suppose, and the - the two men burst in."

"Did you get a good look at them, Mr. Williams ...?"

"Yes. Yes indeed. The first one was quite short really - only about five foot six or seven, I'd say. The second man was much taller ... about your height, Mr. Fullbright - and he had thick, bushy hair, a beard, and - and wild, staring eyes. Deep brown, almost black they were. And - yes - he also had two small scars above each eye. Small but clearly visible they

were, almost like a second eyebrow, only of skin. Maybe that's why his eyes looked so — so piercing, penetrating. Not like the first man's eyes at all. His were much less intense. Pale blue ... mocking, laughing eyes, they were.

"They weren't concealing their faces in any way then?"

"No, not at all."

"And did they ... definitely see you, Mr. Williams?"

"Oh absolutely. The shorter one even smiled at me when he — he first produced the knife. That's when I noticed the tattoos on his fingers ..."

"Tattoos ...?"

"Yes. He had the word HATE splelt out on his hand, one letter on each finger. It was when I saw that, and the knife, that I just ... froze. I couldn't move. I could see their knives ... and then the blood ... I could see how it must be hurting — I could almost feel the pain — but I just ... couldn't ... move. Couldn't stop them ..."

"I see. Now, can you remember —? Yes, come in."

"Scuse me, Sir. Here's that other towel, Mr. Williams. Er, can I have a word outside, Sir?"

"Yes, Sergeant. Excuse me a moment, Mr. Williams — Detective Fullbright will carry on taking your statement ..."

"Patrol car's radioed in, Sir. Looks like there's been a murder — blood and guts all over the place to hear them talk. Assuming they've got it right of course ..."

"How do you mean, Sergeant?"

"Well, according to them — they can't find a body."

"No what?"

"No body. Place is a right old mess — like there must have been a murder, but no victim."

"Maybe ... whoever did it carted the body away for some reason."

"Doesn't fit in with what Williams said when he first arrived here, Sir. He said they ran off after seeing to this MacLaren bloke. And the patrol lads said there's nothing there to suggest a body has been removed anyway."

"This isn't coming together like I thought it would. Look — tell your two lads to make a thorough search ... no, wait. Tell them not to touch anything. See if the Super's still in the building. He'd better be told of what's going on — if any of us can work it out, that is."

"Right you are, Sir."

"Hello again, Mr. Williams. Sorry about that. Now, there's something which I'd like you to clarify for me."

"Anything. Anything I can say

that'll help find those two killers."

"Yes, the er, two assailants. They attacked Mr. MacLaren in the front room, in full view of yourself — and then they left?"

"That's right. They — they seemed to be stabbing and hacking at him for ages, but once they stopped, they just turned tail and ran."

"So that left you and Mr. MacLaren. What happened next?"

"I ... still couldn't move for some time. Still too scared, I suppose. I could see Gordon. He wasn't moving and I could see he wasn't breathing either. Eventually I stumbled over to him. I remember I checked for a pulse ... couldn't find one, and realised ... he was dead. They'd killed him. That thought kept going around and around in my head — that Gordon was dead and they'd killed him. I ran from the house and ... I don't really remember much after that until I found myself here."

"I see. Well, thank you, Mr. Williams — you've certainly given us plenty to get this investigation under way. DC Fullbright and myself will get down to work right away. We'll send someone down with some tea for you in just a minute or two ..."

"Thank you. You've both been very helpful ..."

"Control's been on the radio, Lennie. Say we're not to touch anything. Hey, Lennie — you alright? You're still looking on the pale side ..."

"It's ... it's there. The — the body ..."

"You what ...?"

"The body. It's in there — it's back in the living room ..."

"Come off it, Lennie. It's not there, that's the whole problem ..."

"Take a look then. Go on, take a look if you don't believe me."

"Lennie, if you're having me on I swear I'll knock you into the middle of next week ... Sufferin' ... But — but how the hell ...?"

"I don't know, Sam, I just don't know. One moment it's not here — you and I both saw that. And now look — there it is, lying there ... what's left of it ... and stone dead!"

"Here, is that for me, love?"

"Well, actually Superintendent, it was for the witness in —"

"Thanks, love, I've always said you made the best cuppa in the station. Now I believe there's a witness in the interview room who'd like to sample your excellent brew ..."

"So I believe, Superintendent ..."

"You learn quick, love. Ah, evening,

Jarvis. Fullbright. Let's hear what you've got."

"Chap by the name of Williams claims to have witnessed the murder of his friend, Gordon MacLaren. He was in the room when MacLaren was cut up by a couple of heavies. Williams has given excellent descriptions of both men — from what he's told us, if we can't find these two we ought to hang up our size nines. Only one little snag — the patrol boys at the murder scene can't find the body ..."

"If it exists at all, that is!"

"My keen detective mind, honed on twenty years service in Her Majesty's Police force, suggests to me that there's something troubling you, Fullbright ...!"

"Whole case bothers me, Sir. Williams' story — it doesn't ring true. According to him a pair of right old villains — who know what they're about if you believe what he tells you — burst in and carve up Williams' mate right in front of him. He's clocking them all the time, mind — they don't bother to hide their faces or anything. They kill this MacLaren, half a dozen times over by the sounds of it, yet let Williams see who they are, and witness the whole crime. Well, it's not on, is it? I mean, they act and sound like a pair who know what they're about, yet they let a witness see the whole thing and bugger off without even ruffling his hair! Don't make sense."

"Jarvis?"

"Nobody said murder has to make sense, Sir."

"Yeah, but come on, Frank — this one's pushing it a bit far."

"What are you suggesting, Fullbright?"

"I'm suggesting we hold off on Williams' contribution until we find the real eye witness."

"Oh, here we go ..."

"Look I know I keep on about it, Frank, but it happens to be true — the best eye witness we have is always the victim of the crime. That's what the forensic boys think, and it's what I think, too."

"You're keen on what the lab boys can come up with these days, then, Fullbright?"

"With respect Sir, they're the real detectives these days. It's the scientists and their technology who solve the big crimes today. The evidence they can turn up from examining a murder victim ..."

"Well that's where you hit the slight technical hitch isn't it, son? We haven't got a flamin' body, have we?"

"I know, and that's what I'm saying — hold off on Williams' story till it turns up ... if it ever does. We'll learn more when and if we get to examine the body than we will from Williams."

" 'Scuse me, Sir - couldn't help over-hearing the discussion on the Williams case. Got a bit of an update - the patrol boys, Hobbs and Grey, just radioed in to say the body is now at the house . . . "

"What the hell are those two playing at out there?"

"Not all that sure, Sir. Y'see, they're insisting that the body has only just showed up. That it wasn't there when they first got to the place."

"Have you ever heard such a load of nonsense in all your life, I tell you. Sergeant, I want to see those two in my office as soon as they get back. In the meantime, you two get yourselves out there, and quick. See what the hell's going on, and let me know when you've got things sorted. While I'm waiting for your report, I'll have a word with our Mr. Williams myself - see if he can shed any light on this vanishing body business!"

"Yessir!"

"... That's right, Control. Dead man has been properly identified as Gordon John MacLaren, resident at Forty-three, Cherry Orchard Lane, Milles-ram, Shropshire . . . "

"Car coming up the drive, Sam."

"... The deceased is a writer of detective thrillers would you believe - what's that, Control . . . ? Yes - very funny, Control, a promising career in radio comedy awaits you - now if we could get back to the police business, boring though it is. The deceased wrote under a pen name -"

"It's C.I.D., Sam. Looks like Jarvis and Fullbright."

"... Well, I'm terribly sorry, Control, but I'm going to have to conclude this report another time. Perhaps by then you'll have secured the position of Head of Light Entertainment at the BBC. Cheerio."

"You do, don't you? You think it was Williams who killed MacLaren?"

"It's just a little feeling, Frank, but you've got to admit that the two villains he described were a bit on the far-fetched side."

"Far-fetched, or just more closely observed than what we're used to? Villains do exist, Fullbright. There are bad lads all over the place, and plenty of them have scars and tattoos - and knives."

"Yes, but any bad lad worthy of the name doesn't go around leaving eye witnesses - except for their victims. And now that we've got one, we'll have some real evidence that'll either confirm Williams' story or show it up for a load of dead words."

"All right, all right, Fullbright. Now then, you two - what's all this gobbledegook about the body going mis-



sing for half an hour . . . ?"

In here is he, Sergeant?"
"Aye, Sir. In we go. Now then Mr. Williams . . . Mr. Williams . . . ?"

"Well, Sergeant - where is he?"
"Er, I - I . . . don't know, Sir. DS Jarvis and DC Fullbright were interviewing him in here. I'd know if he'd been moved anywhere."

"It's to-be-hoped you would, Sergeant. So - where is he? Don't tell me that after finding the body we've now lost the bloody eye witness!"

"Bloody. That's . . . strange . . ."

"Sergeant . . . ?"
"These - these towels, Sir. I gave them to Williams to help clean up the blood that had splashed on him. I gave him one, but there was so much blood that it wasn't enough, so I had to get him another to clean up properly."

"But Sergeant - there's nothing on either of these towels. They're clean."

"I know, Sir. Strange . . ."

"Tea - for Mr. Williams . . ."

"Er . . . I may as well take that, love . . ."

"I ought to warn you, Sir, that it's a right old mess in there. It's got to be one of the bloodiest I've ever seen. The face is all right, but the rest of the body . . ."

"There you go then, Fullbright. Your corpse awaits."

"Thanks a bundle, Frank."

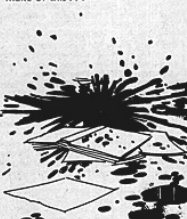
"Now tell me this again, Constable. There was no sign of the body when you arrived - you're certain of that - then all of a sudden -"

"Frank . . . Frank! Get in here, quick! I - I don't . . . he was at the station . . . told us who . . ."

"What is it, Full - bloody hell! Williams! It's bloody, soddin' Williams!"

"No, Sir - Williams was the pen-name he used for his stories. The victim's real name was Gordon MacLaren."

"Come on then, Fullbright - what are the boys back in the labs going to make of this . . . ?"



The End



The Mysterious NIGHT-RAVEN

Script: Steve Parkhouse

Art: David Lloyd

NIGHT-TIME IN THE CITY. DEEP UNDERGROUND IN A SECRET SHOOTING-RANGE, GANG-LEADER, MR. BIG, IS HOLDING AN ADDITION...



HMMMM...NOT BAD, NOT BAD AT ALL...OKAY, SO YOU CAN MASSACRE A DUMMY...HOW WILL YOU RATE AGAINST THE REAL THING?



CAPTAIN DOYLE HAD SPENT A LONG TIME BUILDING UP A PICTURE OF NIGHT RAVEN...

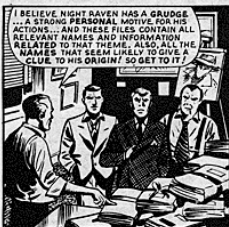
NOW WE KNOW WHAT HE LOOKS LIKE... ACCORDING TO THE WITNESSES WHO CAN STILL MANAGE TO TALK ABOUT IT... BUT WE HAVE NO CLUE TO HIS REAL IDENTITY!



UH... CAPTAIN... IF THIS CHARACTER NIGHT RAVEN IS ONLY CONCERNED WITH RESISTING CRIME... ER... DOESN'T THAT MEAN HE'S ON OUR SIDE? WHY TRY AND STOP HIM?



WHEN AN INDIVIDUAL OTHER THAN A POLICE-MAN STARTS TO ENFORCE THE LAW, THEN WE HAVE THE BEGINNINGS OF VIGILANTE LAW! LIKE IN THE OLD WEST... LYNCHINGS, FIXED TRIALS, GRUDGE KILLINGS... IN SHORT... CHAOS! WE CAN'T... WE DAREN'T RISK IT!



I BELIEVE NIGHT RAVEN HAS A GRUDGE... A STRONG PERSONAL MOTIVE FOR HIS ACTIONS... AND THESE FILES CONTAIN ALL RELEVANT NAMES AND INFORMATION RELATED TO THAT THEME. ALSO, ALL THE NAMES THAT SEEM LIKELY TO GIVE CLUE TO HIS ORIGIN! SO GET TO IT!



ELSEWHERE...

EVERY... LITTLE BUG... GOT A MONEY TAG... RIC!



HEY, POP... WHERE'D YOU GET THE MONEY FOR SO MUCH BOOZE, HUH?

YEH! WHY NOT SPREAD IT AROUND A LITTLE!



HEY! THE OLD LUSH IS LOADED!

UUNHH... NO... THEM'S MAN WINNINGS GROAN...



COME, NOW, YOU WOULDN'T DEPRIVE AN OLD MAN OF HIS WINNINGS WOULD YOU?

HUH?

WHO THE...?



MAYBE THIS WILL INTRODUCE ME!



Next: The Pay-Off!

Abslom Daak
DALEK
CCCC KILLER

Script: Steve Moore

Art: David Lloyd

THE 26th CENTURY: THE DRACONIAN EMPIRE STANDS ALOOF FROM THE CONFLICT BETWEEN EARTH AND THE DALEKS, BUT ABSLOM DRAK, DALEK-KILLER, HAS ARRIVED ON DRACONIA, IN THE MIDST OF A POLITICAL WRANGLE WHICH HAS ENMESHED HIS FATE WITH PRINCE SALANDER...

WHO, DETAINED ON HIS ESTATE, IS ABOUT TO ABSCOND IN A PROTOTYPE SHIP...

PERHAPS
I SHOULD HAVE
LEFT A STATEMENT
CLEARING MY SUBORDINATES
AND GIVING MY
REASONS FOR
LEAVING...

BUT I
DOUBT IT
WOULD EVER REACH
THE *EMPEROR'S*
EAR...

AND I NEVER WAS MUCH FOR SUBTLETY...

30
FAREWELL
TO DRACONIA, AND
THE EMPTY JOYS OF
POSITION AND
POWER...

BUT DAAK, CARVING HIS WAY INTO THE SPACE-PORT, FINDS THE EMPEROR ON AN INSPECTION TOUR...

DANN!
WHAT'RE HE
AND HIS TOADIES
DOING AT MY
SHIP?

STRAIGHT CHOICE: EITHER I GIVE UP THE RENDEZVOUS WITH GALANDER...OR I TURN HIM OUT!

AND
DAAK AND
I WILL WRITE
OUR BITTER TALE
ACROSS THE
STARS...

4666546665/N!!

AAARGH!!

IT'SS THE
EARTHMAN!

OVER
HERE! PROTECT
THE
EMPEROR!

HELL!
MORE OF
THEM! IT'S
GETTING TOO HOT

**56 STOP
HIM!**

SO IT LOOKS
LIKE THE ONLY
SAFE PLACE AROUND
HERE...

...IS
HERE!



HOLD YOUR FIRE, FOOLISH!
YOU MIGHT HIT THE EMPEROR!

RELAX,
FISH-FACE...
YOU'RE NO USE
TO ME DEAD...



BUT
THERE'S
SOMEONE WHO'S
NO USE TO
ANYBODY...
ANYTIME...

AXIRON!



YET AS THE TREMBLING
MINISTER FLEES IN PANIC...

BLAST!
ONLY WINNED
HIM!

AT THAT
RANGE I
SHOULD HAVE
SMASHED HIM ALL
OVER THE WALL!

SSSYAARGH!



ANYWAY
YOU AND ME
ARE GOING TO WALK
OVER TO MY SHIP, AND YOU
ARE GOING TO GIVE ME
LAUNCHING CLEARANCE,
AND NO PURSUIT
SHIPS...

AREN'T
YOU?!

YESSS...
YESSS!



AND MOMENTS LATER...

SO LONG
REPTILE! I'D SAY
IT WAS FUN WHILE
IT LASTED...

BUT IT
WASN'T!

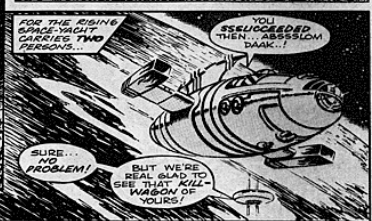
YOORRGH!



AND SOON THEY ARE
HEADING STARKWARDS...

OKAY,
HONEY, HERE
WE GO...JUST ENOUGH
FUEL TO MAKE ORBIT
AND JOIN SALANDER

AND NO
PLACE ELSE
TO GO...



FOR THE RISING
SPACE-YACHT
CARRIES TWO
PERSONS...

YOU
SSSUCCEEDED
THEN... ABSOLUTELY
DAAK...!

SURE...
NO
PROBLEM!

BUT WE'RE
REAL GLAD TO
SEE THAT KILL-
WAGON OF
YOURS!



ONE ALIVE... ONE DEAD...

CAREFUL WITH THE CRYOGENIC UNIT, DRAGON!

IF ANYTHING HAPPENS TO *DAKIN*, I'M LIKELY TO ANNUL YOUR MAF OF THE PARTNER-SHIP BEFORE WE EVEN GET STARTED!

BUT THERE ARE NO MORE HINDERS FOR DAAK'S ERTWHILE COMPANION FROM THE PLANET MAZAM...



RIGHT, SALANDER... SHE'S STOWED, TAKE US OUT OF HERE...

AND AS THE MAIN ENGINES SNARL INTO LIFE, DAAK REIGNS SALANDER ON THE BRIDGE...



OH, BY THE WAY I BROUGHT YOU SOMETHING YOU ALWAYS WANTED...

CATCH!



AND SALANDER HAS FINALLY CAUGHT...

THE EMPEROR'SS EART?!



BUT BEFORE SALANDER CAN SAY A FURTHER WORD...

TROUBLE! WE'VE GOT A SHIP HEADING IN ON AN INTERCEPT COURSE!

GET USSS A CLOSE-UP! I'LL TRY TO PICK UP IT'SS IDENTIFICATION SSSIGNAL!



NO!! THISSS MUSSST BE AXIRON'SS DOING!

THAT'SS MY SSSON'SS SHIP!

YEAH, IT'S GOT TO BE AXIRON... ONLY HE'D COME UP WITH A MEAN TRICK LIKE THAT...!



SETTING SON AGAINST FATHER...

NO, I HAVE ALREADY DISOWNED MY SSSON! THE CRAVEN ANIMAL WHO COMMANDSSS THAT SHIP ISSS NOT OF MY FAMILY!

AND THERE ISSS NO CHOICE... IT'SS THEM OR USSS...



HE MUSSST BE... DESSSTROYED!

BUT I'M NOT LETTING AXIRON MAKE YOU DO THAT, SALANDER! YOU JUST FLY US THROUGH THIS...

AND I'LL TAKE THE FRONT TURRET... AND DO IT FOR YOU...



AND AS ABSLOM DAAK
FOR THE FIRST TIME
SETTLE HIMSELF BEHIND
THE KILL-WAGON'S
LASER-CANNON...



NOW, LET'S
GET THIS OVER
QUICK...

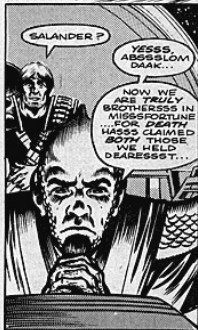
ON THE BRIDGE...



WHAT IN
NINE
HELLS...

I
HAVEN'T
OPENED
UP!

BUT THE RESULT
IS INEVITABLY
THE SAME...



SALANDER?

YESSS,
ABSSLOM
DAAK...

NOW WE
ARE TRULY
BROTHERSSS IN
MISSEFOOTUNE
FOR DEATH.
WASSS CLAIMED
BOTH THOSE
WE HELD
DEARESSST...



FOR ME,
PERHAPSSS,
THE SSSORROW
ISSS
GREATER...

BECAUSE FOR
MY SSSON THERE
ISSS NO HOPE OF
REVIVAL...



BUT, COME,
THISSS ISSS NO
TIME FOR LAMENTING!
WE MUSSST BEGIN
AGAIN...

AND WE MUSSST
FIND A CREW! DO
YOU HAVE ANY
SSSUGESSSTONSSS?

SURE...SO
LONG AS THEY
HAVEN'T GOT 'EMSELVES
KILLED IN THE LAST
COUPLE OF MONTHS...

Next: **Instant Harma!**

Captain Britain Communications

Our Address:

23 Redan Place, Bayswater, London W2 4SA, England.

Dear Ian,

Five issues of Captain Britain Monthly have now come and gone, so I thought it was time to drop you a line letting you know how I feel about it.

Captain Britain: This is probably my favourite Marvel Strip at the moment. It's head and shoulders above anything your American counterparts are currently producing. It's answered many questions posed by **WVOM**, like why Meggan attacked that tramp in issue 14, why Captain Britain was watching our Captain (looking back to *Funeral on Otherworld* it's obvious now that he's studying Brian). And it's also posed many new questions – is Mastro really Saturnyne, or just somehow related to her? What are agents Gabriel and Michael up to? Nothing angelic, that's for sure! And the art Alan Davis at his best – from the interlocking jigsaw pieces of Captain Britain's past to the hazily drawn memories of Sidney Crumb, it's been a delight to look at. I hope the fact that he's now drawing *Batman* and *The Outsiders* doesn't mean he'll be leaving Captain Britain.

Night Raven: I didn't see this series first time round, but from what I've seen in Captain Britain, it definitely deserves reprinting. The script and art combine perfectly to capture the feel of the period. I keep expecting Bogart or Cagney to pop up.

Abslom Daak: As with Night Raven, this is the first time I've seen this strip. For a guy with a death-wish, he's got an uncanny instinct for survival. Despite the fact that he's a killer, thief, drunkard, and all-round bad sort, you can't help but like the guy. All credit to Steve for this. When you run out of reprint material, perhaps you could do new stories that would steer him away from the Dr. Who Universe.

Free-fall Warriors: Couldn't really get into this. I don't really know why, as both the dialogue and the art were well done. Maybe it was the fact that the team took so long to come together. I'll reserve judgement till their next appearance.

Paragon: Not bad. Not quite brilliant, but not bad. Mildly amusing in parts, sad in others, and a bit frightening. Too gloomy overall for my liking, but the digs at comics and comic fans provided some welcome light relief.

Cry: I like this. It strikes me as a cross between Marlowe, Blade Runner and Max Headroom, it has all the makings of a good detective story and I'm eagerly awaiting the next episode.

Space Thieves: Holy Gosh, Cap-Man! This was a scream, the jokes flowing thick and fast. Can't wait to see more of it.

Well that's about it, so until whatisname does whatever, make mine *Miracle*, er... Marvel!
Drew Fiven,
Lanarkshire.



Dear Editor,

I would just like to say that this of' boy really enjoys the adventures of Captain Britain. I only discovered Captain Britain Monthly a couple of issues ago and am now scurrying around to find the first few to complete my collection. I think I'm hooked on this super hero from across the waters. Very good stuff indeed.

Alan Davis is one heck of a talented guy. I've seen his work elsewhere and I can tell you this, he's destined for the big time. Another favourite of mine is *Free-fall Warriors*. I only wish that they had a little more space for their story – and I'd love to see it in colour.

Keep up the good work and stay outta trouble.
Stephen Scott Beau Smith,
Barboursville,
West Virginia, USA.

Nice to have you with us, Stephen. We notice from your letterhead that you run(?) Comicast – Fandom's Audio Fanzine. We're relying on you, therefore, to spread the word on just how good Captain Britain Monthly is, to other comic fans in America, who might not have discovered it for themselves.

Dear Bullpen,

It's not perfect, but I'm enjoying it. I must say, I was a little surprised with the content. Let me explain, in the past you have told us that it's cheaper to reprint American stories, than to produce British stories. Well, I realise that Abslom Daak and Night Raven have been seen before, but for the amount of new material it's still surprisingly cheap, compared to your Conan Monthly. Not that I'm complaining though, it's just that I am fearful of a vast price increase, or of a fate worse than death – the dreaded merger!

On to *Captain Britain*, you seem to change writers every few issues. Nothing wrong with that, as long as continuity doesn't suffer. As for *Night Raven* and *Abslom Daak*, I read both stories first time round, both are excellent strips and I would like to see new stories for both. I didn't think much of *Free-fall Warriors*, and I won't really miss them. I felt there was no real lift to the story, all a bit simple and straightforward.

Not a bad idea having text stories, the first was quite reasonable. I would like to say that this space provides the perfect opportunity for you to find young talent. Just organise a competition and the winner gets his/her story published. You never know, you might find yourselves another Alan Moore.

All in all, *Captain Britain Monthly* is one of the best magazines you've ever produced. It has enormous potential, so I'll just wish you all the best for the future.
Steve Poland,
London SW6.

Thanks, Steve. On to the points you raise, there's certainly no price increase for the moment, but bear in mind these things can hit us with hardly any warning. As for the difference in price between us and Conan, Conan has more pages, a fair few of which are in colour, and some original material. It all adds up to a more expensive package. And we'll bear the story competition idea in mind, could be interesting!

Dear Ian,

You've just got to help me, I'm in total despair. I recently bought a copy of *Captain Britain Monthly* issue 4, read it, and thought, 'what a great mag!'. But I haven't got issues 1-3. Could you please give me details of how to obtain them. I would be very grateful – I'm going out of my mind missing these great mags.
Danny Green,
Leicester.

Unfortunately we don't stock back issues, Danny. But we can point you in the direction of the Classified Ads on page 2 of this issue. Therein you'll see the addresses of comic shops who may be able to sort you out. Write to them, don't enclose any money at first, but do enclose a stamp-addressed envelope.

Dear C.B. Communications,

I am a newcomer to your comic and I think it's fab. Wish Cap's strip was longer, though *Night Raven*, *Abslom Daak* and the new strip, *Space Thieves* are all very good.

I was thinking that as a back-up strip for the future, you could reprint those early stories in which Cap fought alongside the Black Knight. Anyway, back to the present – I loved the poster on issue 6's front cover.

The best story so far was issue 5's *Double Game*.

Well, that's about it, hope you'll consider doing the early days of Cap. Darren Gill, Sheffield.

Consider it considered, Darren, but no firm decisions yet - so keep watching.

Dear Ian,

Captain Britain is settling into monthly life well, and things being what they are, I'm pretty sure you'll win the 'favourite new title' award in this year's Eagle Awards.

I'm glad you didn't ruin the beautiful cover to Captain Britain 6 with useless blurb and just kept to the bare essentials. It's a great piece of work by Alan, as are all his painted covers to date, but this one is worthy of being re-released as a giant poster.

A *Long Way From Home* was a pleasant return to the alternative worlds of the Jaspers saga, even if Captain Britain was the only other Captain involved. It's good to see Jamie and Alan creating mini-spin offs from the plots of Alan Moore. I for one would like to see many more of the Captains who appeared in *Funeral On Otherworld*. And what about Captain UK? Now that Linda McQuillan has overcome her fear of her own alter-ego, surely she'd don her costume to fight on this world.

I hope we haven't seen the last of Mastrex or Gatecrasher's Technet, I'd like to see them again, and the RCK for that matter. Finally, no lettercols again, that's twice in three issues, almost as bad as the US *X-Men* comic, whose lettercols seem totally non-existent. You don't want to start being compared with the *X-Men*... do you?

Steve Tanner,
Llantwit Major,
South Glamorgan.

The *X-Men*? Who are they? But seriously, hopefully this and last issues' lettercols should have allayed any such fears. As for Captain UK and the RCK, they're back. How's that for service?

Dear Ian and Simon,

Poor old Betsy Braddock, she really does have a hard time of it. The girl can't move without someone trying to kill or assault her. But, as a *Long Way From Home* in issue 6 proved, she's well able to take care of herself. Her psychic powers are certainly formidable. A couple of points you might like to explore in future issues are: Does Brian share any of his sister's psychic powers? He may just have never needed to tap his own psychic resources, and so hasn't realised he has any. And did some sort of mind-link exist between Betsy and her ex-lover, Tom, that could have survived his demise?

Anyway, now that the current storyline is over, I hope we'll get to see what the men from the Resources Control Executive are up to. I hope, also, that the Captain's adventures will stay Earthbound (his own Earth, that is!) for quite some time to come. All these parallel worlds constantly thrown at us in this strip are beginning to get wearying. I would like to see more of Gatecrasher and friends, but not for a while.

Now that Brian has made himself a bit of

a public figure, his brother, Jamie, should have realised his missing brother is back. The two seemed to get on well in the early days of the Captain's strip, so it would be nice if they remembered the other exists. And whatever happened to Courtney Ross? Did she marry Jacko Tanner, or what? If this letter is printed and new readers are wondering who these people are, let me explain that during the first run of the Captain Britain series, Brian Braddock attended 'Thames University' and Courtney and Jacko were his answer to Gwen Stacy and Flash Thompson.

Superb cover, by the way, but then Alan's usually are better than the usual fare. City is an intriguing series, and I look forward to the future instalments with interest. *Space Thieves* is excellent as well. You're all doing a fine job on this magazine, and I hope it's receiving the reception from readers I feel it deserves.

Mart Gray,
Congleton,
Cheshire.

Many thanks for your comments and observations, Mart. You'll be pleased to know that issue 10 takes Captain Britain and Megan overseas in search of one of the characters you mention from the Braddock past.

Dear Sirs,

I have recently started buying your Captain Britain magazine and enjoy it very much. So much in fact that I am trying to get a hold of all the other Marvel magazines he appeared in before he got his own monthly. Could you print a list of these mags, including such details as the first appearance of his new costume, and where Alan Davis took over the strip. I hope this isn't too much trouble, but I just can't get enough of your excellent comic. Peter Sutherland,
Peterhead,
Aberdeenshire.

Okay, here we go with what will hopefully be the definitive list of all the good Captain's appearances to date. If you know of any we've missed out, write and let us know.

His first appearance was in, not surprisingly, *Captain Britain* 1 (cover dated October 13th, 1976). This weekly comic ran for 39 issues and then merged into *Super Spider-Man and Captain Britain* 231 (cover dated July 13th, 1977). This combined run finished with issue 253.

Captain Britain next appeared in issue 1 of the *Hulk Comic* (cover dated March 7th, 1979) as a co-star in the *Black Knight* strip. This mystical story, based on Otherworld, ran in issues 1 (missing issue 2) - 30, and although *Captain Britain* is featured prominently, there are episodes in which he doesn't appear at all. (Note: issue 21 features the death of *Captain Britain*). *Hulk Comics* 31 - 41 then reprised the origins of the *Black Knight* and Cap, before picking up the continuing story again in issue 42. This tale concluded in issue 63 (missing issue 56), although Cap himself was despatched to an alternate Earth in issue 60, so did not appear in the finale of the story.

He arrived on that Earth (with his elfish companion, Jackdaw, a new costume, and Alan Davis artwork) in *Marvel Super Heroes* 377 (cover dated September, 1981), and remained there until issue 388 of that title. (Note: issue 388 features the death of *Captain Britain*).

The continuity was picked up in *Daredevils* 1 (cover dated January, 1983) and finished with the last issue, 11. The story then ran into *Mighty World of Marvel* 7 (cover dated December, 1983). Issue 16's final appearance ran into *Captain Britain Monthly* 1 (cover dated January, 1985) - The legend comes full circle.

Note: there were also two Summer Specials (1979 & 1980), both of which reprinted *Captain Britain* and *Black Knight* stories.

Finally, a few American appearances: *Marvel Team-Up* 65 & 66 (reprinted in *Super Spider-Man and Captain Britain* 248 - 253, and '79's Summer Special); *Incredible Hulk* 279 (cameo); *Contest of Champions* 1 - 3; *Rom* 65 (cameo); an entry in issue 2 of *The Official Handbook of the Marvel Universe*; and finally (in his new costume at last!) in *Captain America* 305 & 306. Please don't forget, we don't stock back issues!



SPACETHIEVES

THE THIEVES HAVE FLED FROM THE PLANET ZART, TAKING THE ZART IMPERIAL JEWELS BY DINT OF EITHER SUPERB PLANNING OR ASTOUNDING GOOD FORTUNE... BUT AS THEY MAKE THEIR ESCAPE, THEY ENCOUNTER A SLIGHT TECHNICAL HITCH...

OH, BRILLIANT!

WHAT A CRETIN!

WE PULL OFF THE BIGGEST HEIST IN HISTORY AND YOU FORGET TO REFUEL THE SHIP!

I RATHER THINK THIS IS NOT THE TIME TO BE PASSING RECRIMINATIONS BETWEEN OURSELVES...

WE SHOULD PREPARE TO REPEL BORDERS.

THE SHIPS THAT FOLLOWED US AFTER WE STOLE THE ZART IMPERIAL JEWELS.

...AND WHICH, NO DOUBT, CONTRAIN HORDES OF THOSE RATHER EXCITABLE FELLOWS...

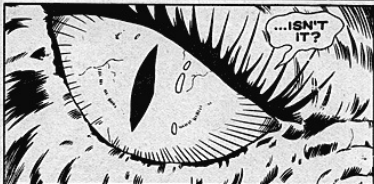
...WOULD APPEAR TO BE... ERM... ALL AROUND US.

I DON'T WISH TO PUT TOO FINE A POINT ON IT, BUT I WOULD SURPRISE THAT THEY MAY WELL BE INTENT...

ON TURNING US INTO PIG-SWILL.

HOLY GOSH, BOY-MAN, DON'T PANIC! THEY WON'T GET INTO THIS SHIP.

ANOTHER MARVEL MILLSTONE BROUGHT TO YOU BY: DEBONAIR DAVE HARPER (WRITER), BASHFUL BARRY KITSON (ARTIST), WRETCHED RICHARD STARKINGS (LETTERER). COMPLAINTS SHOULD BE SENT TO IRASCIBLE IAN RIMMER (EDITOR).



REPUGNANT THOUGH IT MAY SEEM,
I THINK COMING WITH THEIR
DEMANDS IS THE ONLY SENSIBLE
COURSE OF ACTION...

ALRIGHT, WE
SURRENDER!

I DIDN'T HAVE TOTAL
CAPTULATION IN MIND
JUST YET, CAPTAIN.
THERE ARE DIVERSION-
ARY TACTICS WE
COULD EMPLOY.

SUCH AS THE SMOKE
CAPSULE I SECRETED
ABOUT YOUR PERSON
WHEN THE LADY WAS
THROTTLING YOU.

URH...?

HARDING, IF
YOU'VE GOT THE
MEANS TO MAKE
A DIVERSION,
DON'T SAY "URH"...

...USE THE
DAMNED THING!

GOOD
THINKING,
GIRL WONDER!

EVERYBODY
SCATTER!

ONE OF YOUR
MOPE INSPIRED
COMMANDS, CAPTAIN.

THE SHIP IS A LABYRINTH,
SPACE THIEVES SCATTER...



... HERE...

IF I CAN FIND
OUT HOW TO FUEL
THIS SHIP WE MAY
BE ABLE TO GET
AWAY...



... THERE...

PIGS -- IN PUCE!
NNNNH! IT'S
DISGUSTING!



... AND IN THE WRONG
DIRECTION...



IT SHOULD BE
SAFE ENOUGH
THERE...



FOR ONE WITH SUFFICIENT
KNOWLEDGE OF SPACECRAFT...



IT IS POSSIBLE
TO FIND...



... POSSIBLE BUT
IMPROBABLE!

HOLY GOSH!
ZART MEN!

CAPTAIN, YOU ARE A
BRAVE MAN TO HAVE GIVEN
YOUR COMPANIONS A CHANCE
TO ESCAPE BY COMING
BACK TO DELAY US...

FOR THIS WE
WILL NOT SHOOT
YOU TO BLOOD-
COME...

YOU WILL RETAIN YOUR
HONOUR, MY CAPTAIN.

BUT WHAT
ABOUT MY
LIFE?!

DO NOT WORRY ABOUT
MEAT FLESH AND BONE,
CAPTAIN... I SENSE
THAT WE ARE FELLOW
SPIRITS...

YOU WILL
NOT SUFFER
THE INDIGNITY
OF CAPTIVITY
FOR LONG.

YOU AND I ARE
BUT SIMPLE BEINGS.
MY CAPTAIN, WE CAN
ONLY DO OUR DUTY.

SUCCESS
IS OUR ONLY
HONOUR.

S'LONG
CAP- WHO
FLIES THIS
TUB NOW?

ZART: HOME OF THE VILEST RACE IN THE KNOWN UNIVERSE. SCENE OF A RECENT SPACE THIEVES ROBBERY. NOT A PLACE KNOWN FOR TRANQUILITY. THEN AGAIN, MOB BOSS MCCAPONE IS NOT KNOWN FOR TRANQUILITY EITHER...



I DON'T UNDERSTAND IT. I SET OFF TO FIND A WAYWARD DAUGHTER WHO HAS RUINED A BUSINESS DEAL AND IT ENDS UP LIKE THIS.

SHE BEGINS WHAT APPEARS TO BE A SIMPLE JEWEL HEIST AND TEN THOUSAND SENTIENT BEINGS ARE NOW SPACE DUST.

SHE'S LOOKING FOR EXCITEMENT, I KNOW, BUT LIKE THE GREAT PHILOSOPHERS OF KONFUCIUS TWO USED TO SAY -- 'THRILLS KILLS, MAN'.

HOW'S IT GOING, CHIEF?



NOT GOOD, SIR, WE'VE LOST ALMOST HALF OUR MEN.

THE ZARTS WILL GET THEM, THOUGH.



SOME OF THEIR CRUISERS GAVE CHASE TO THE THIEVES...

SHOULD TIE UP THE LOOSE ENDS FOR US.

NOT WITH A WIFE LIKE MINE. DROP THE WOUNDED - WE'RE GOING AFTER THEM.

ALL THESE INTERESTS REPRESENTED BUT NO OB-SERVER FROM CYBO SIGA. DITY. I COULD USE SOME ADVICE ABOUT THAT ROBOT...



EXCUSE ME MISTER MCCAPONE, I'M FROM CYBO SIGA AND...

NICE TRYING, SON - YOU BOYS MUST REALLY KNOW YOUR STUFF - GET ABOARD.

BUT, I'M NOT...



MICK AND NAT, OUR BROTHERS OF THE REV-OLUTION, HAVE ESCAPED. THEY NEED OUR SUPPORT - MCCAPONE AND HIS MOB ARE AFTER THEM. LOAD UP!



THE ZARTS HAVE GOT
OUR LOOT AND OUR PILOT.
THEY'VE WRECKED OUR
CHANCES OF GETTING TO
EPSILON-FOUR. WE'RE
ALL WASHED UP!

I HAVEN'T
BEEN THIS MISERABLE
SINCE MY LAST TRIP
TO ZAC-FOURTEEN!

DO NOT BE DEPRESSED,
SIR. WE STILL HAVE A
FREE RUN OF THE SHIP.

ANYWAY, WHAT'S ALL THIS
ABOUT FLEASURE PLANETS?
I THOUGHT THE MONEY WAS
FOR THE REVOLUTION!

WE'LL TALK
ABOUT THAT
LATER...

THE PROBLEM
NOW IS WHAT
TO DO NEXT.

IF WE CAN FIND
YOUR COMPANION
AND THE YOUNG
LADY, AND ENLIST
THEIR SUPPORT,
WE MAY BE ABLE
TO REPEAT OUR
RECENT SUCCESS
ON ZART.

TAKE THIS - I SUGGEST
THAT WE SPLIT UP BUT
STAY IN COMMUNICATION.

BE OPTIMISTIC, SIR,
WE MUST NOT GIVE
UP HOPE.

YOU'RE RIGHT,
I SUPPOSE - HOW
CAN WE BEAT DOWN
THE BARRIERS TO
FREEDOM AND DE-
MOCRACY IF WE
HAVE NO RESOLVE?

WELL, MY CAPTAIN, YOUR
UNWORTHY COMPANIONS WILL
NOT BE RUNNING FREE FOR
LONG...

BUT WHAT OF
OURSELVES?

WE HAVE FAILED OUR IMPERIAL
DYNASTY. ALAS, WE CAN NEVER NOW
RETURN TO OUR HOMES AND DISHONOUR.
WE MUST DESTROY THIS SHIP AND
ALL ABOARD IT - INCLUDING OURSELVES!



Next:

P.A.R.T.S.V Everybody!

DE LUXE FULL COLOUR EDITIONS



**MAKE THIS SUMMER SPECIAL
WITH MARVEL**



**ON SALE
END OF
JUNE**